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DOLLARS AND SCENTS.

Clara: OH, JOHN! WHAT LOVELY FLOWERS! THEY LOOK AS IF THEY HAD JUST BEEN GATHERED. WHY, THERE'S A LITTLE DEW UPON THEM!

John (somewhat embarrassed): DUE UPON THEM! NOT A CENT, CLARA, I ASSURE YOU, NOT A CENT!



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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LENT again. Our friends in society have kept up a very active performance ever since the horse show in November, and are doubtless even more enthusiastic over the season's end than they were at its beginning. The strain of social enterprise in New York and Washington and the centres of fashion is intense, and it is very grateful to the rich and giddy to stop for a season and sit around. Now it will be Fortress Monroe and Florida for enfeebled fashion, while the incorrigibles will be making ready to run over for the London season.

THE President gets grateful acknowledgments from all sides for vetoing the Dependent Pension Bill. *LIFE* loves the veterans, and likes to see them thrive and multiply; but the pension business has been overdone, and every one who is not an applicant, a claim-agent, or a congressman, knows it. As for the congressmen, they would pension Mark Twain's hero, who did not go to the war himself, but sent his wife's relations. There is no discrimination about them whatever.

SOME of our esteemed teetotal friends are after Dr. Howard Crosby because he does not think it sinful to drink wine. No more do we; and when *LIFE* and Dr. Crosby hold the same view on any subject, there is room for belief that they are right. Dr. Crosby is for high license and the mitigation of the saloon misery. The Prohibitionists and the Saloonists are both against him, and when those two factions agree upon any matter, it is safe to say that both are wrong. If anybody has any influence up at Albany he cannot do better than to throw it in favor of Dr. Crosby's high license bill. It is the only feasible means of reducing the number of saloons. It will shut up hundreds of dives, and incidentally it will bring a great deal of money into the treasuries of the cities it affects. But the increased revenue from high license is of minor importance; the main thing is that it will restrain in some degree the competition in drunkard making.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS is the price paid by Boston to Chicago for the privilege of hiring Mike Kelly to play baseball. Personally Michael is to receive \$2,000 for his services, and \$3,000 for his photograph (another instance of beauty being preferred to merit). Mike is king of the diamond, and Boston means to be king of clubs, if she has to pawn her culture to hire the requisite talent.

IT is noised abroad in missionary circles that Missionary Hume is going back again to India to teach the Hindoos Christianity. Mr. Hume will be remembered as the merciful being who was not sure that the unenlightened Heathen went straight to Hell, but thought it possible that opportunities to take the other track were offered them after death. The American Board was immensely scandalized at the assurance of his suggestion, and declined for a long time to send him back to his work. Now the Prudential Committee, which had his case in hand, under strong pressure of public opinion, has consented to let him go back, on the understanding that his views of post-mortem probation are not positive, but merely hypothetical, and with the understanding that he will not say much about them.

HOW many strikes like that of the coal-handlers will it take to disintegrate the Knights of Labor? Very few. The organization is so big and so loosely put together that too many fools come to the top.

LET us admire the *Evening Post* for the excellent licks it put in against the Pauper Pension Bill.

THEY say Mr. Parnell has Bright's disease, is insane, and is generally disqualified for work; but we will not believe all that yet. It is a fact, though, that the Uncrowned One is not in good health, for which we are sorry. Emperor William continues to die from day to day as usual, but Mr. Hewitt is slowly getting better of his rheumatism. We are quite well, thank you, and so is ex-Secretary Manning.

ACAREFUL compiler of statistics states that the total seating capacity of the New York churches is "not more than 350,000. The number of men in the city between eighteen and forty-five years of age, according to the most reliable information, is 353,107." This will bring joy to the hearts of some of our friends, as explaining their motives in staying away. And there exist certain delicately organized creatures who prefer losing the pleasures of attendance to the consciousness of crowding others out.

THE few of our readers who may have chanced to survive the recent stroke of weather are herewith congratulated.



FEBRUARY FACTS.

THE United States Senate discusses the Fisheries question, and decides to tell Canada she's another.

The Princess Louise manifests some displeasure at being known as the "Maiden all for Lorne," but her Imperial mother puts her soft pedal down and endeavors to deaden the discord, until the London organs are prohibited by law from echoing the peals of the Divorce Court.

Philadelphia secures Mr. Munkacsy's painting, "Christ before Pilate," for the Wannemacher Art and Dry Goods Association.

Coal rises higher, and the strikers continue to strike, with little chance of hitting, and the maiden who has received no valentine prepares a few sealed proposals for next year.



IDYL OF THE SEASON.

OH, this is the season when valentine's come,
Brimming over with love or with hate;
One damozel's happy, another's made glum,
When the postman doth toot at the gate.

Some screeds are refulgent in paper and paste,
And others cost only a penny,
Depicting a siren with tapering waist,
With lines that imply she's not any.

The office-boy now his employer doth score,
And gleefully watches him fume,
When regarding a portrait that's eighty parts jaw,
With a couplet foretelling his doom.

The young and the old, all join in the fun,
Drinking toasts to old Valentine's ghost,
To all 'tis most welcome—that is, except one,
The poor mortal that carries the post.

WE have frequently heard it said that Senator Edmunds is unduly fond of milk; and we fear he was much under its influence when he made use of that delightful metaphor: "Out of the frying-pan into the sea."



TRAVELING ON HIS SHAPE.

ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA is a dipsomaniac.
This comes from an over indulgence in tallow candles.

IT has been said that the Irish sweep everything before them. The creature who made the remark never could have had an Irish servant in his house.

DAILY PAPER: The programme of the "Taming of the Shrew."

WHEN one thinks of di Cesnola and a General, and then thinks of General di Cesnola, he comes to the conclusion that the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is made up of unrelated parts.

STUDENT: A literal translation of *Sic itur ad astra* is—this way to the Astor House.

LET us see. Wasn't it somewhere about this season* of the year that a man named Washington, and claiming to be the uncle or some close connection of his country, was born?

MR. WATTERSON calls George William Curtis the Bunthorne to an Oscar Wilde Administration. Better call him the Bunthorne in the Republican flesh.

EX-PRESIDENT PORTER, of Yale University, is said to be writing a book, the topic of which has not yet been made known.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

If LIFE were in a betting mood, it would put dollars against buttons that the book is to be a disquisition on the Science of Baseball.

AN epidemic of Postal-Cardial meningitis is raging in Philadelphia.

MR. EMIL PAUL, having eaten eighty-four quail in forty-two days, will now try to read the Philadelphia News for twenty-six consecutive days, a feat that has never yet been accomplished by any living person.

IF it be true that Mr. Vilas reads all the postal-cards that go through the United States mail, Mr. Cleveland owes it to the country to demand his resignation.

THERE is a movement on foot to establish a Mrs. James Brown Potter Bureau of Information.

MRS. REBECCA FORBES STURGIS is writing a story entitled "A Million Dollar Stake!"

She is said to have derived her main incidents from Delmonico's.

IF our Albany legislators were as capable of making laws as they are of making hay, there would be less cause for complaint.

MR. CLEVELAND said / fourteen times in the course of a recent address, and Queen Victoria made use of the expression "Me Luds and Gents" eighteen times when she opened Parliament.



TO MISTRESS PRUE.

A VALENTYNE.

O, Valentyne, unto y^e Mayde
Y^t hath my Hearte in sore Distress,
Bidd Her be not a frayde
To tell me Yes.

Tell Her of Fyckle Man, & say
Y^t I am all uncertayne, so
Y^t, come another Day,
She may say No.

More Fyshes are there in y^e Sea
Wherein to cast y^e Hooke, I trow;
& if she wolde catch Me—
Then catch Me now!

Her Worshipper,

Y^e Idle Idyller.

Feb'y 14, 1887.

A COMING STAR.

PROBABLY IN TRAGEDY.

IT was immediately after the one hundredth performance of Mr. Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show that a reporter of LIFE called upon one of the Bucking Ponies for the purpose of eliciting a few items of bronchial information.

The gentleman was found in his sumptuously furnished box stall smoking a cigar and toying gently with some fricasseed hay. He smiled pleasantly as he rose, and with much *empressement*



EXTENDED A HOOF OF WELCOME

to the reporter, and stated how much he appreciated the attentions of the dear people of the East, and how he longed for next season to come around, when he expects to appear before them in a full line of star parts.

"What! are you going to desert Mr. Bison?" asked the reporter.
"Well, yes; I'm afraid that's about the size of it," replied the Pony. "You see, William and I don't get along well together. He is jealous of my abilities as a marksman. Perhaps you heard how I broke three boxes of glass balls last evening at one shot. I was loaded with a Cheyenne squaw, who inadvertently stuck a spur into my ribs, and I fired her off at short range. Besides breaking the balls it killed the lady, and as the Government charges the management four dollars for every damaged red man or woman, Buffalo took that as an excuse to get mad. My resignation was handed in immediately, to take effect after the London season."

"What parts do you expect to play next year?"

"Well, I can't exactly say. I am to create an original part in a comedy Steele Mackaye is writing for me, and Mr. Rice has made me a flattering offer to give my celebrated imitation of Dixey and Nat Goodwin in the 'Heifer.' Did you ever see me as Irving?"

The reporter expressed himself in the negative, but indulged the hope that Mr. Broncho would give him a private view.

"Why, certainly I will," he replied, giving his mane a backward toss and extending his nostrils slightly forward.

"There!" he said, turning around and eyeing his visitor. "This is my make up as



IRVING."

"Capital!" said the reporter. "Your front legs are the perfect counterpart of Irving's, while the expression of your face is decidedly that of *Mathias* in 'The Bells.'"

"I thought you'd recognize it," said the Pony, joyously. "You see," he continued, "I have a mission in life. I'm a native born American Broncho, and I want to shame those Anglomaniacs out of their notions about everything English being the best. To do this I am getting my legs into training for the greatest effort of my life. With my front legs as Irving's weak-kneed *Hamlet* and my hind legs as Booth's sturdy but melancholy Dane, I hope to show these people how far superior the American is to the Englishman. You see, next to ballet dancing, the role of *Hamlet* requires more expressive limbs than any part I know of, and it is in the intellectual qualities of the legs that Booth is immeasurably the superior of the two men."

"That certainly is a good idea," said the reporter, "and I sincerely trust that you will not only carry it out, but will remember that there are four dramatic critics on *LIFE* who would be pleased to give a review of your performances from the standpoint of Anglomaniac, Anglophobic, Democrat and Mugwump."

"That will be very nice," replied the Pony, with a smile. "I intend giving a performance for the critics of New York, and shall try to hire the State of New Jersey for the sake of accommodating them. Those who can't get in can sit on the Brooklyn Bridge and look over, you know."

"Could you give a few points for the readers of *LIFE* on the science of Bucking?"

"With great pleasure," replied the affable Broncho. "It is very simple and easily learned. If you will kindly step up on my back I'll teach you the whole thing in less than a minute. You may gather your points afterward."

"You're very kind," said the reporter, climbing on his host's back.

"Oh no, not at all," replied the Broncho, quickly. "Now, there are four motions. Ready?"

The correspondent reluctantly expressed his readiness.



"ONE,"

"One," said the Broncho, "gathering his hind legs beneath him, as the reporter assumed a horizontal position."

"Two," he continued, raising himself to an angle of forty-five degrees, as is shown in Fig. B, while the correspondent reached out to remove a large horsefly from the top of his ear.



"TWO."

"Three," he ejaculated, with a sort of a rocking-chair motion that caused the interviewer to lean slightly forward and pull his stirrups up higher, so that he could see how the land lay.



"THREE."

"And four," said the Broncho, looking slyly around at his pupil, who, suddenly remembering an engagement at the hospital which demanded his immediate attention, was taking the shortest cut to the sidewalk through the second-story window on the north side of the garden.



"AND FOUR."

But the reporter, not caring for a hearse of any kind, much less a rehearse, kept on his way, rejoicing that very little more than some of his valuable time had been killed by the interview.

Carlisle Smith.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

ASPIRING Artist: Your drawing came to hand this morning. In reply to your inquiries as to ink and paper, we think if you would use no ink on less paper and would draw a \$50,000 prize in the Louisiana Lottery, you would do better.

* * *

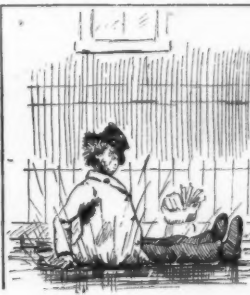
Too many bills spoil the surplus.



What beautiful weather! Just like spring.



Swish!



Whash!!



Don't know but it feels more like fall, though, after all.

PLEASANT
NEWS.

REFERRING to a matter of no special interest to the reader, a lady informed her husband that she had "changed her mind."

"Well, I am glad of it," he replied, and his manner displayed great satisfaction. "Whom did you swap with?"

SCRAPS.

THE English language should be called a dead language. It has been murdered often enough.

* * *

RIDDLEBERGER is said to be contemplating resigning from the Senate, because his poverty subjects him to insult.

We commend the Senator in this. He is the poorest Statesman we ever saw.

* * *

AN English soldier complained bitterly because he found a well-seasoned brier-root pipe in a can of American beef issued to him at Aldershot. He expected a meer-schaum.



TWO A. M.

Fond Wife: WHY, JOHN! YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO BISHOP'S PSYCHO-HYPNOTIC LECTURE.
John: WELL, SHO A DID. GOT MESHMERIZED.

WILL LIKELY BE DECLINED.

CHARLIE (*to his pretty cousin*): Here is a little story, Clara, that I have written for *Babyland*, and I wish you would tell me what you think of it.

PRETTY COUSIN (*after reading the story*): Where do you intend to send it?

CHARLIE: To the editor of *Babyland*.

PRETTY COUSIN (*dubiously*): Well, I'm afraid, Charlie, that he will find it too young for his publication.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

"I AM alarmed for the future of this country, Johnson."
"Why so, Briggs?"

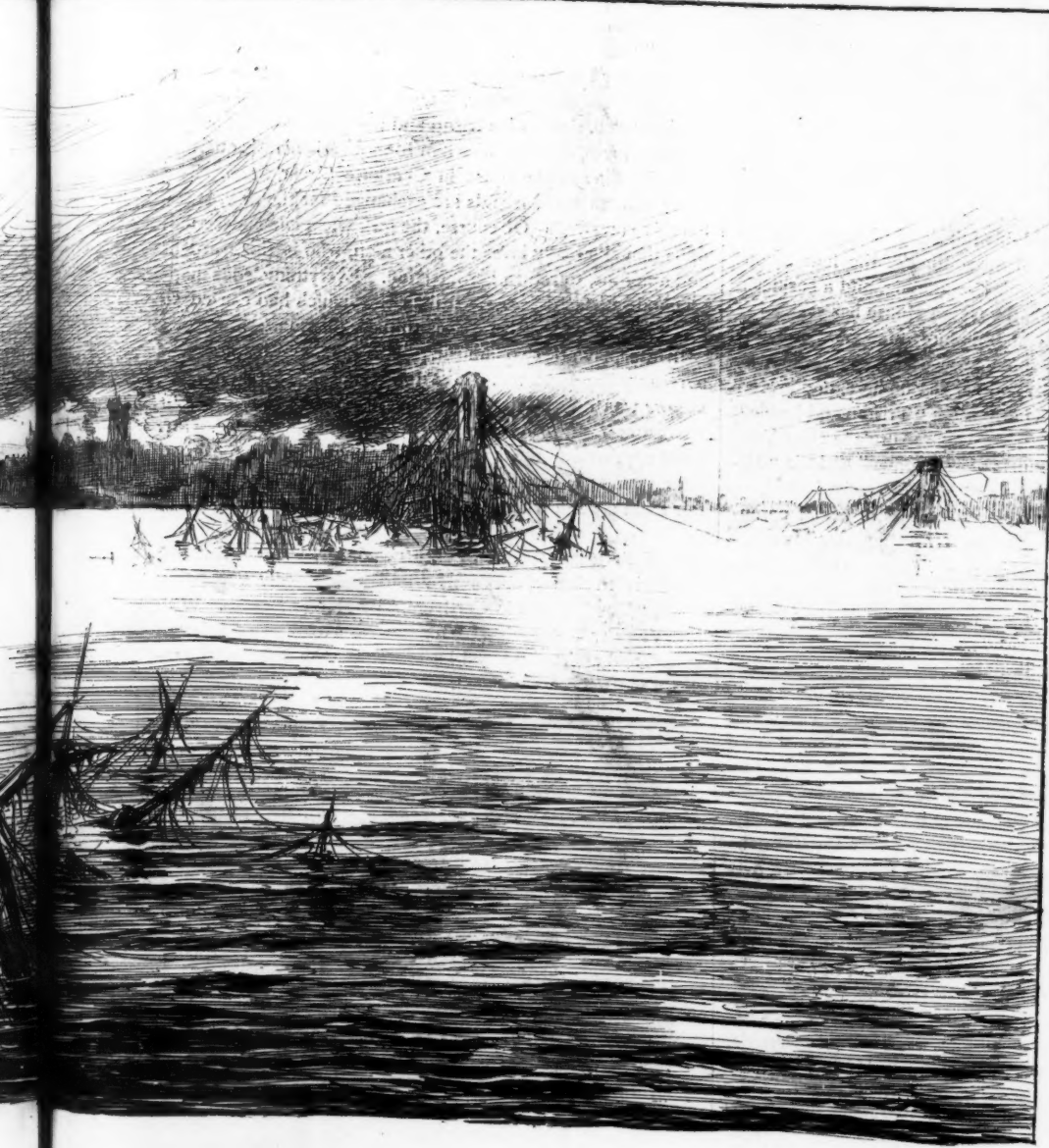
"Because of the rapid increase in population. Soon the land will not support all the people."

"Nonsense! The medical colleges are now turning out four thousand physicians yearly."

It is said that Germany means Bizzyness.



THE NEW YORK MORNING
BEING A VIEW OF THE U. S. NAVY AND THE CITY OF NEW YORK TAKEN FROM THE STATUE OF LIBERTY



NEW MORNING.
Y OF ORK TAKEN AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF A HOSTILE FLEET.



THE German Opera season has closed without any serious damage to the Metropolitan Opera House, and the mortality among the audiences has not been much greater than might have been expected.

Herr Wagner has received his full share of attention from the company, and beyond a slight settling of the foundations on the Seventh Avenue side of the building, and a suspicion of a bulge on the south wall, the Opera House has seemed to stand it very well. With the addition of a few more iron girders in salient points of the building, we see no reason why Wagner should not be given another season here, and if Herr D—rosch should decide to again present "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Walküre," and "Siegfried," we are sure the New York opera lovers who find the music of "Erminie" and the "Mikado" too heavy for pleasure, will be glad to assist in making the blow-out a financial success. The Editor would parenthetically remark that the use of the term "blow-out" in reference to Wagner is not a resort to slang. It is the only punishment that fits the crime.

Among the successes of the season has been Goldmark's opera of "Merlin," which received its initial performance before New York's supremely critical boxholders, who manifested their approval by ceasing their conversation long enough to witness the ballet and permit the occupants of orchestra chairs to observe that Fraulein Lehman was doing something beside gesticulate and open her mouth. Many of New York's most prominent sporting men say that the love scenes of *Merlin* surpass any Græco-Roman encounter ever seen in this city, while the music is of so high an order that even the Germans in the audience found it necessary to go out between the acts to get air.

We hail with joy the announcement that "Faust" will be given next season, and if Herr Von H—le will play the *Mephisto* to Herr Milde's *Faust*, it cannot fail to obtain the unqualified approval of the public.

E BEN PLYMPTON in a bad play would be unendurable. He is an arrant poser, a consummate believer in himself, and one of the most self-conscious men of whom the stage can boast. Yet in "Jack," a charming little comedy-drama, by Mrs. Harry Beckett, which was produced last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and had been previously seen at a single matinée, Mr. Plympton made a decided and undeniable hit.

There are so few modern plays nowadays worth troubling about, that "Jack" is a pleasant surprise. It tells a quaint, pretty, decent little story, in a bright and piquant manner. There is nothing strikingly original about it, I am thankful to say. Originality at present seems to mean monstrosity.

Mrs. Harry Beckett has managed her plot so carefully, and made such a judicious selection of the characters which are not absolutely essential to the play, that the work of the playwright is forgotten. There are none of the disconnected scenes, the absurdly stagey exits and entrances, and the ridiculous irrelevance of some of the recent metropolitan productions. "Jack" tells the story of the love of two young men, Bohemians, for the girl who kept their house for them in a platonic and sisterly manner. One of the youths becomes suddenly rich, deserts his friend and the girl whom he loved, and who loves him, and hies him to more aristocratic quarters than the dingy little house in Charlotte Street, Soho. The scene where the old friends are exchanged for the new, is admirably contrived. Of course, the girl, when she is deserted, finds that she really loves the other man, who is there, ardent and amorous, to return her affection. Everything ends happily and satisfactorily. Even the riches which had caused so much misery betake themselves to the right quarter.

In the play are two amusing characters, which were very agreeably impersonated. Miss Josie Hall as *Baby Blanchemagne* was delightfully exaggerated, and Miss Virginia Buchanan as *Lady Blanchemagne* was equally laughable. Mr. Kent appeared as the bad, and Mr. Plympton as the good young man, while Miss Georgie Drew Barrymore was the fair maid around whom the play revolves. *Alan Dale.*

ON Saturday evening, February 26, Mr. Van der Stucken is to bring out a new and undoubtedly interesting work, "The Trojans in Carthage," by Hector Berlioz. With Mr. Van der Stucken's able orchestra, a chorus of selected voices, and assisted by well-known soloists, it is safe to predict a most successful event.



American Traveler: WELL, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ANYTHING. THE AXE IS HANDY, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS CN HAND, AND I HAVE A SAW AND MONKEY-WRENCH IN MY SATCHEL. MY ADDRESS IS IN MY FIREPROOF CARD-CASE. NOW I CAN TAKE A SMOKE.



OPERATIC.

Mrs. K.: HARK, MR. LOUD! WHAT *is* THAT NOISE? ONE CAN HARDLY HEAR ONE'S SELF TALK.

Mr. L.: IT IS NOTHING, I ASSURE YOU, BUT THE SINGERS.

SMALL WONDER.

COUNTRYMAN (*in the gallery of the Stock Exchange*):
How much does it cost, mister, to do business down there?

MISTER: The seats, I think, are worth about thirty thousand dollars.

COUNTRYMAN (*fetching his breath*): Gosh, I don't wonder most of 'em stand up.

FRANCE has got a new enterprise on hand which may cost her more than the Panama Canal. It is to find out whether Boulanger or Bismarck is the best man. Considering that Bismarck is a certainty and that Boulanger is only a possibility, Lesseps' ditch seems the better investment.

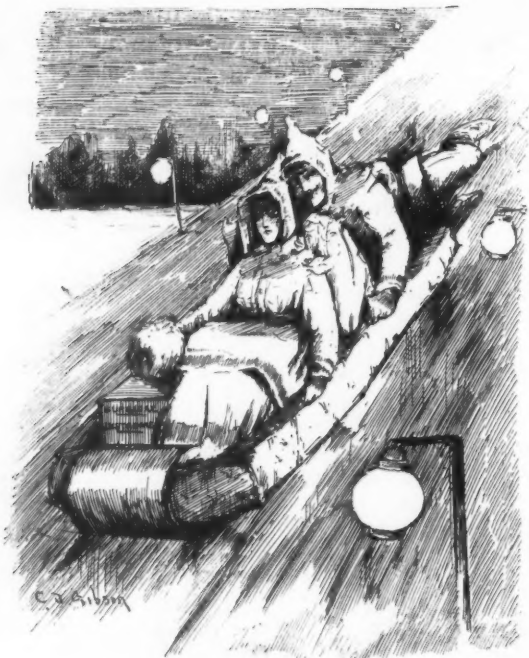
HER INVITATION.

IN the parlor they were sitting—
Sitting by the firelight's glow,
Quickly were the minutes flitting,
Till at last he rose to go.

With his overcoat she pattered,
From her eye escaped a tear —
"Must you go so soon?" she muttered,
"Won't you stay to breakfast, dear?"

Tom Masson.

MISS FLORA McFLIMSY, whose wardrobe is always supplied with "nothing to wear," wears it at the opera. And, hang it all, brothers, it's becoming to her.



WHY NOT

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS AND HAVE YOUR MATTRESS READY TO BE CARRIED HOME ON?

A SAD CASE.

A DESPATCH to the *Times* from Vincennes, Ind., says: When the verdict sentencing ex-Treasurer Hollingsworth to the Penitentiary for three years on the charge of embezzlement was read in court he cried like a child. He refused to partake of food in any form, and all night lay on an iron bed tossing under the tortures of mind and body.

What a sad, sad case of remorse this is! How our sympathies are aroused by this picture of mortal woe! What a pity it is that Mr. Hollingsworth did not weep like two children, and toss three nights on four iron beds, with the tortures of five bodies and six minds before he embezzled once!

It is a flaw in Nature's ways that remorse comes after and not before we fall into evil. Let us boycott Nature.

Flowers for Mr. Hollingsworth may be sent to the Indiana States Prison.

IT seems that Tennyson was wrong in putting the strength of the famous Light Brigade at six hundred men. About a thousand survivors of the charge have died in the last five years.

FULLNESS under the eyes denotes language, say the phrenologists. Young men should remember this when they go courting.

VERSES WITH A VALENTINE.

I CANNOT send you in this iron time,
A dainty lace and paper thing,
With wreaths of roses and a pretty rhyme
Of love, devotion and the wedding-ring;
And Cupid's self imprinted on the page,
In varied colors, in suggestive way,
With bow and arrows, relics of an age
We laugh at and despise in this stern day.
Lace paper's out of style, and quite passée
Are tinsel roses, while the rhymes themselves
Are in our mother's albums, laid away
With school-girl fancies on forgotten shelves.
And Cupid's self can never claim a thought,
Nor all the symbols that his worship deck;
Love, nowadays, is not won but bought:
I'll send you for your Valentine—a check!

J. M.

A NEW list of household hints contains this: "Salt in the whitewash will make it stick better." Investigating committees should bear this in mind.

AGGRAVATING ENOUGH.

MISS DOOLITTLE (*who is deaf, but won't acknowledge it to Mr. Browne*): "How is your family, Mr. Browne?"

MR. BROWNE: All quite well, thank you, with the exception of my wife. She was out in the rain the other day, and got quite wet; the result was a very severe cold on her lungs, which we feared would end in congestion, but she is convalescent now."

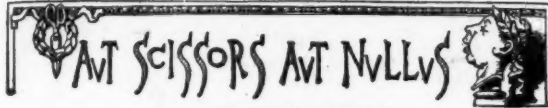
MISS DOOLITTLE: Indeed! So glad. And how is Mrs. Browne?



CANADA'S FULL OF 'EM.

NO, SIR! YOU CAN'T HAVE MY DAUGHTER, AND THAT SETTLES IT! WILL YOU TELL ME WHY, SIR? I AM HER EQUAL IN EVERY WAY, AND STAND WITH A GOOD REPUTATION.

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! YOU'RE A BANK TELLER, AND A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER, AND—AND—WELL—CANADA'S FULL NOW.



WHO IS SHAKESPEARE?

A STORY was told me to-day by one who is a force in Colorado politics, on ex-Senator Tabor, almost as interesting as the night-gown story told on Colorado's ex-legislator, when he was filling somebody's unexpired term in the Senate. The fame of Tabor's Opera House at Denver is world-wide, and when Mr. Tabor determined to build a theatre at Leadville he announced that he would have one built that would make his former effort at Denver look like a shed. He loudly asserted that he would knock the earth out, especially in the decorations, in the Leadville home of Thespis. He sent to Italy for the decorator, and did not go inside the Leadville structure until the Italian sent him word that he would like his opinion. Mr. Tabor went in company with the artist, and, after careful scrutiny, expressed himself as quite satisfied.

"But tell me," quoth Mr. Tabor, "what man you are making famous by putting his portrait up there?"

"Why, that is a very true presentment of Shakespeare," replied the artist.

"Who is he?" asked the ex-miner.

"Why, the great dramatist, of course, and not only the greatest playwright, but the greatest bard as well."

"Well, he may have been a big fellow, but I never heard that he did much for Leadville. Just paint him out of that and paint me in." And Mr. Tabor's portrait overlooks the auditorium.—*Ex.*

"Is it possible to teach girls how to whistle?" asks an exchange. It is, if you will only leave them alone after they get their lips puckered up.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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STEERING A CHICAGO MAN.

A stout man of consequential mien walked into a New York saloon near Pine Street, and depositing on the floor a valise marked "C. J. Chicago," said to the barkeeper.

"I want a glass of hot bullion."

"Sorry, we don't keep it," said the barkeeper, but you can get it around in Wall Street at the Assay Office; ask for Mr. Jordan."

"I will, thank you," said the Chicago man, and he picked up his valise and went out into the rain.—*New York Sun.*

WIFE (four a.m.): I should think you would be ashamed to hear the cocks crow on your way home.

HUSBAND: 'Fi went t' bed (hic) five o'clock, I'd crow too. That's the kind o' rooster I am.—*Puck.*

CITY MAN: What the blazes is the matter with that hen?

FARMER: Nothing; she has just laid an egg.

CITY MAN: Great Scott! One would suppose she had laid the foundation of a brick block.—*Boston Courier.*

FRIENDLY CHAT.

CLARA: I understand that Mr. Fetherly paid me a very pretty compliment to-day?

ETHEL: Yes? What was it?

CLARA: He said that among the most beautiful young ladies at the party was Miss Clara Smith.

ETHEL (with a cough): Yes, I noticed you among them.—*New York Sun.*

NO FUN IN HIM.

MAMMA: What's the matter, Bertie? I thought you'd stay and play with Tommy Carroll all the afternoon.

BERTIE: Tommy ain't got no fun in him.

MAMMA: He hasn't?

BERTIE: No; we was playin' house, and every time I hit him with the whip he yelled. I don't want a cry-baby around me.—*Tid-Bits.*

KRAKAUER
LADIES' TAILOR,
Habit Maker and Hatter,
19 East 21st Street, New York,
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